

GORMAN WAITS FOR HILL TO SPEAK.

"Senatorial Courtesy" Alone Delays His Taking the Helm.

Bryan's Request Added to Jones's That He Direct the Eastern Campaign.

Letters from Leaders All Over the State, Cutting Loose from New York Senator.

REGARDED AS A LEADER NO LONGER.

Busy Times at Headquarters Answering Encouraging Letters and Getting Out Campaign Literature.

William Jennings Bryan's request has been added to that of Chairman Jones, that Senator Gorman come to New York to direct the national campaign in this and other Eastern States.

The Senator will probably come here very soon, but for the present he refuses to discuss the matter at all.

"Senatorial courtesy," that seems to be the only cause of Mr. Gorman's delay, will probably not serve to keep him away from New York more than a few days. But, he thinks, Senator Hill should have time to issue his statement concerning his attitude toward the national ticket and platform.

For that reason he has asked for a few days before deciding definitely upon plans. Interested as the political leaders are now in Mr. Gorman's taking the helm, they are utterly indifferent to anything Mr. Hill may do. From all over the State letters are coming showing the most intense disgust with the New York Senator, and cutting loose all ties that ever bound the writers to his leadership. They will not be led to the enemy's camp.

Several weeks ago it was said that Hill would endorse the candidacy of Bryan and Sewall and some portion of the Chicago and Buffalo platforms, dwelling with emphasis on State issues. This prediction was based on statements made by Hill's most intimate friends.

Hill Known as an Enemy.

Since then Senator Hill has appeared before the State Committee and denounced Bryan and Sewall, Chairman Jones, Democratic leaders generally and several planks of the Chicago platform. He has criticized severely the leadership that resulted in the emphasis upon silver in the Buffalo platform.

His famous remark, "I would see the Democratic party in hell first, rather than endorse some plank of the Chicago platform" has aroused bitter resentment throughout the State.

Senator Hill and the State Committee have received hundreds of letters from politicians and the rank and file. Hill's correspondents have repudiated his words and attitude in language remarkable for its unparliamentary character. He is told that he is a "traitor," and urged to join Whitney, Flower and Belmont.

The letters to the State Committee implore that they should not take Hill into their ranks and make the fight on the broad and patriotic lines laid down by Bryan. The indignation of the writers passes all ordinary bounds, and they refer to Senator Hill with a freedom of speech quite novel in organization politics. They want Mr. Hill to be let severely alone by Messrs. Danforth and Truman, in the interest of the party.

Hill No More Their Guide.

This is all the more significant because it comes from men who have carried caucuses for Hill for many years, but who, realizing that he intends the party no good, are thinking and acting independently.

It is notorious in Democratic circles that Messrs. Danforth, Truman and Hanson, of State headquarters, could elect delegates in their respective counties on their own account, but could not carry a primary for Hill.

Because of this situation, Messrs. Danforth, Truman and Hanson manifested a laudable interest in the State. They have been pushing with vigor. National Committee headquarters will be sent out the campaign literature for which there is a lively demand. Some of the applicants say in their letters that they wrote for printed material to President St. John weeks ago, but have received none.

Call for Bryan Club Presidents.

Mr. Campbell is now in Bath, but will be in the city in a few days. He has issued a call for a meeting of the presidents of the Bryan and Sewall clubs throughout the State. At this conference a plan of campaign will be determined upon, all the Bryan and Sewall clubs in the State working in harmony.

Chairman Danforth issued a call for a meeting of all the chairmen of the various county committees of the State. These sixty gentlemen will meet in New York next week to adopt a scheme to organize every city, town and village in the State. The voters in the rural counties, judging from reports, are thoroughly informed with the spirit of Democracy's cause. Large numbers of Republicans are open to Bryan and Sewall, and Porter and St. John, while the small army of Republicans is described as undecided.

Requests for speakers are pouring in. Messrs. Grady and Sulzer and the candidates for Governor and Legislature. The error seems to be particularly directed for speech making. Routes will be mapped out.

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NEW YORK JOURNAL

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NO. 5,069

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1896.-

PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Weighing Our New Baby.

"Say, ef dat kid keeps on growin' der wont be room for no odders on 'is block!"



A HORSE DIES FOR LOVE.

Saved from Suicide by Drowning He Chokes Himself to Death, All for Love of a Filly.

A horse belonging to A. Edgar Smith, who owns a large farm near Rahway, N. J., committed suicide by hanging yesterday morning. The horse had been a good worker, and in his old age Mr. Smith allowed him to graze in the pastures without being forced to toll. A filly had been grazing in the same pasture with the old horse during the summer, but last week Mr. Smith took her away to break her to the plough.

The old horse seemed to miss the filly greatly, and for hours would stand dejectedly at the pasture bars, and refused to eat.

Smith says that yesterday morning, when the filly was hitched to a wagon and driven out of the stable yard, the old horse looked over the fence and neighed. He watched the filly pass out of sight down the road, and then ran to a brook that flows through the pasture, into which he plunged. The brook is very shallow, but the horse placed his head beneath the water and kept it there until he was discovered. He had to be pulled away, however, by a yoke of oxen.

Shortly after this one of the hired men discovered the horse reared against an apple tree with his head between two branches. He went to see what was the trouble, and found the horse dead. He had shoved his head between the crotch formed by the junction of the two branches and, sinking back on his legs, had slowly choked himself to death.

HAPPY COUPLE DIVORCED.

Patched Up Their Quarrel and Ordered the Suit Discontinued, but Somebody Blundered and a Divorce Was Granted.

Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 1.—A divorce granted by the Court of Chancery to John L. Force, of this city, from his wife, Nettie K. Force, of New Brunswick, is likely to lead to unpleasant complications. The couple object to being divorced, as they are living happily. Somebody made a serious blunder in the case.

Last winter Mr. Force brought suit against his wife. The case was referred to John H. Van Winkle, of this city, to take testimony, and the evidence later was submitted to the Chancellor for decision. Last summer, through the intervention of mutual friends, Force and his wife patched up their differences and agreed to live together again, and are now living happily. They agreed to instruct their respective counsel to have the proceedings stopped.

A few days ago the couple were completely dumfounded when notice was sent them from the Chancery Court that they had been divorced. Investigation showed that in some way the instructions to the Chancery Court that the suit was to be withdrawn had not been received. Force's wife was at first inclined to believe that there had been some trickery on the part of her husband, but he was able to prove to her that he had been as much surprised as she at the denouncement of the suit.

Mrs. Force's lawyer, Mr. McSherry, of New Brunswick, is on the war path, and promises to make trouble for the one responsible for the blunder, whoever he may be.

COUNT STAINACH ROBBED.

His House at White Plains Entered, a Nephew Chloroformed and the Family Plate Carried Away.

The residence of Count A. R. Stainach, on Grand street, White Plains, was robbed yesterday afternoon, while the Count's immediate family were at the County Fair. A son of Stephen R. Stainach remained at home. At 1 o'clock the young man fell asleep on a couch, and was still asleep when the family returned from the fair at 7 o'clock in the evening. He was aroused with difficulty, and complained of a depressed and dazed feeling.

Some one noticed that a pane of glass in one of the windows had been cut out, and young Stainach's symptoms indicated that he had been chloroformed.

An investigation of the premises showed that the house had been ransacked and jewelry and wearing apparel estimated at \$1,000 was missing.

The family plate, consisting of a silver service presented to Count Stainach by the Emperor of Austria previous to the Count's banishment for alleged political intrigues, was also taken.

Chief of Police Bogart was notified, and has telegraphed the surrounding towns to search for the burglars.

WAS A HUMAN BALLOON.

Student Who Inhales Poisonous Gases Swells Up to an Alarming Size, but is Finally Relieved.

New Brunswick, N. J., Oct. 1.—While working in the chemical laboratory this morning, Edward Sarles, of the class of '96, of Rutgers College, succeeded in inflating himself with gas under peculiar circumstances. He took a jar from under the hood where experiments are conducted, and forgetting that it was full of gas, took it to a sink to wash it out. As he did so he inhaled a large quantity of the gas, and although he was seized with a severe coughing spell, thought nothing more of it.

Some time after this one of Sarles's class mates remarked that his face was swelling. Closer examination also showed that his hands were doing the same. In a short time his face and hands were twice their natural size, and his body was also considerably swollen.

Alarmed at his condition, one of the professors applied an antidote, and the swelling began to abate. When Sarles came nearer to his proper shape he walked to Dr. Williamson's office and took some medicine administered by the Doctor. He soon recovered from the inflation, but was somewhat frightened by it.

The student chemists are not certain what the gas was, but think that it was zinc sulphate.

Who Has Seen Anna Held's Dog?

Anna Held is mourning over the loss of her pet pug dog, Didi. After a rehearsal yesterday evening the manager and messengers were ordered to search for the animal. The dog was found empty handed, still fat and worth \$500 to his owner.

WEBER'S FOLLY ENDS IN MADNESS

Heir to a Million Confined in the Insane Pavilion at Bellevue.

Locked Up at the Hour of His Divorced Wife's Appearance on the Stage.

While She Is Gaily Singing He Sees a Fleeting Panorama of His Reckless Life.

LAUGHS AT WEIRD BRAIN PICTURES.

His Wild Career Caused the Failure of the Big Piano Company—The End Is as Irene Perry, His Second Wife, Prophesied.

Albert Weber took the final step of his career last night. This young man, who had a thorough education, a fine business, a good income and hosts of friends, was confined in the madhouse of a public institution. Dr. Washburn, his family physician, came with him from Pelham Manor in the evening. They entered the yard at Bellevue, the carriage halted before the insane pavilion, and in a moment Weber was behind the doors.

As he alighted from the carriage he leaned heavily on the arm of the Doctor and appeared to be quite calm. He remained perfectly passive until Dr. Robinson, of Bellevue, had completed a preliminary examination and consigned him to the insane ward. A brief consultation was held, and Dr. Washburn took his departure.

As soon as the Doctor left the asylum Weber, under the care of attendants, began to grow violent. He called loudly for his friend and said he would see him or there would be trouble. This temper lasted only a few minutes, and, finally, Weber settled down in his room apparently unconscious of his surroundings.

He sat indifferently on the edge of a chair for a brief interval and then arose, as though something had suddenly occurred to him. The next instant he had moved the chair around so as to utilize it as a table.

Panorama of a Life.

Incidents of his reckless life seemed to come thronging back to him. He was at the gaming table, at the horse races, at dinner with his friends and at the opera, or with one of his many lady loves.

"Cut for deal," he would say softly. Then he would begin to shuffle imaginary cards, followed by the play of his hand. Studiously he would watch the table, scratch his chin and then lay his cards down with a triumphant look in his face.

"Come, boys, play cards, play cards!" he would exclaim. "Here, waiter, another bottle. Quart! Ah, that's the stuff! Fill 'em up again. Pardon me, madam; allow me to present you this rose. The pleasure of a waltz with you."

Then he would arise from his seat, offer his arm to the imaginary partner and wait for the music to begin. All the high strung incidents of his past existence whirled along in the hour that he spent living his life over again.

At the Race Track.

Occasionally he would hold his hands up to his eyes, as though he held a pair of field glasses. With his body bent forward in tremulous excitement he would suddenly swing his arms in the air and shout: "They're off! They're off! Here you are, boys! Cover my bet on the red and yellow! Who'll take a flyer on Dolly coming in second. We'll call it off! What do you think would be nice for breakfast? Yes, broil it. Cut it thick. Keep the change."

After one of these outbreaks he would remain silent for some minutes, and then begin again.

Weber will be examined by Dr. Fitch and Dr. Wildman this morning, and if his friends do not claim him and take him to some quiet retreat, he will be sent to the Island.

When Irene Perry, now gaily singing in "The Caliph," began a suit for absolute divorce from Weber, two letters were filed in court among the legal papers. One letter contained a prophecy that was realized yesterday. This is the letter written by Weber, in August, 1895, to his wife, then in Europe:

"In a fit of desperation, and against my wishes, you signed with Hoyt and appeared in lights in the city. You then desired to go to Europe. I was glad to get rid of you. You went and are there now, and it is the best place for you to be. Fanny Ward, Nina Farrington and others can set on you and you will be all right. You are more entertaining, more fascinating than either of them. I know it. You are young yet, and able to make a good living better away than with me."

As for myself, I have now practically nothing and am going out to Arizona or New Mexico or some other God-forsaken place to try to make a fortune, free from all ties-away from civilization. I advise England instead of America."

And this is the prophetic answer: "Since you have been pleased to cast me adrift upon the world, I have thought long and seriously of my mental condition. Not that there is a possibility of your going mad, but that you must be mad already."

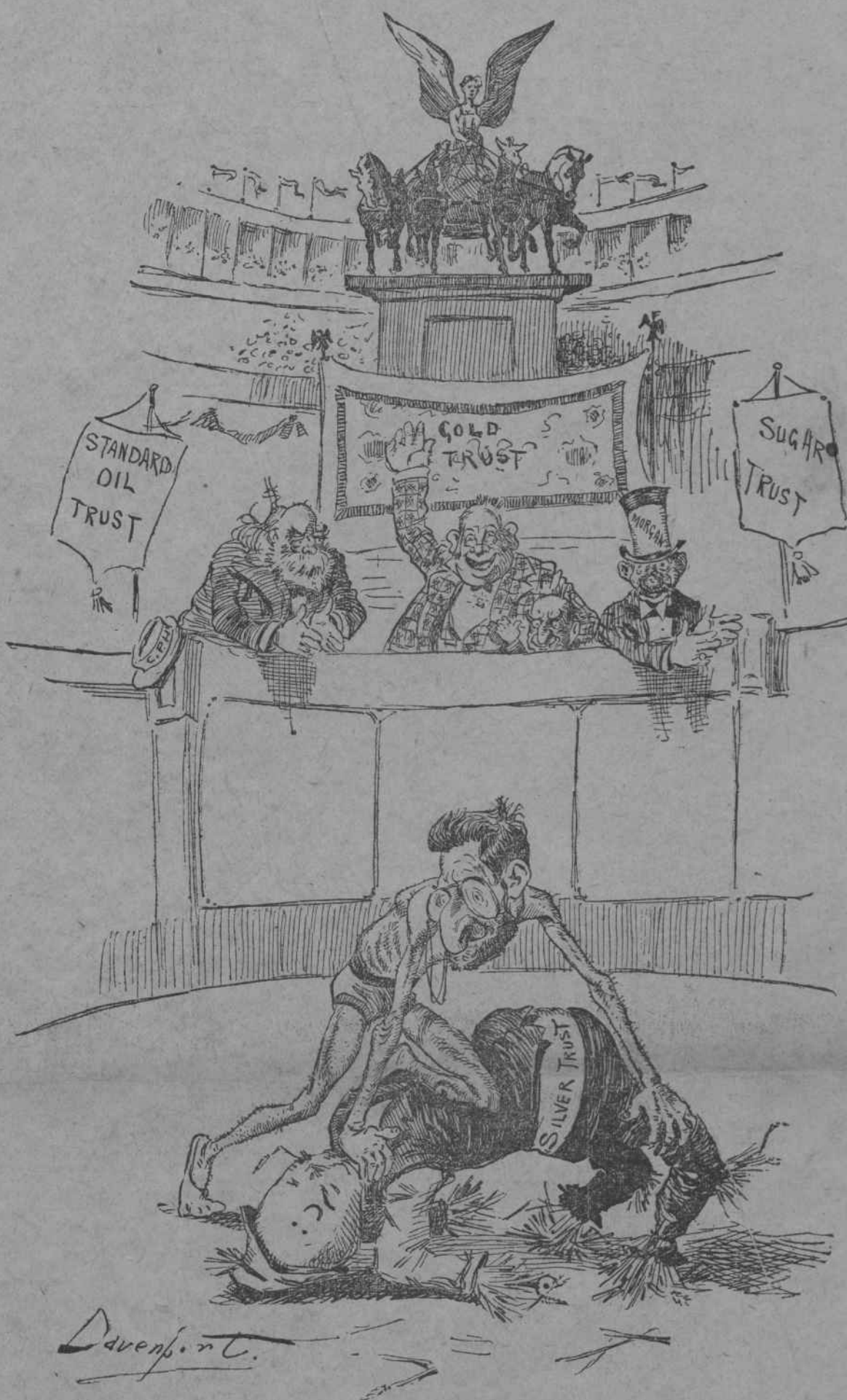
Oh, Albert, the pity of it! Such a bright man, such advantages, such a future—all lost to you forever. The great God above has but little influence when in competition with the devil. So it is with mortals. One pure mind and heart is but a poor competitor against the wicked ones which surround it. I wish you renewed health that you may be better able to battle with your unhappy condition. As for myself, I have but little courage left, but suppose I shall get on somehow. We shall see, but believe me it shall be by honest means. God help you. Good-bye. Your wife, IRENE.

A Road to Madness.

Weber has been dancing attendance on prima donnas, leading ladies and songstresses ever since he put on long trousers. Since 1883 his escapades have followed fast. His father left \$100,000, from which the son drew an income of about \$10,000 a year. His father knew him. But his indulgent mother would always sign a check for him.

Largely through his intention to business Weber Piano Company failed. Then Weber began to feel the lack of money. He was pinched and pinched until he

ALL THE REAL TRUSTS BEING FOR M'KINLEY,



HANNA IS OBLIGED TO INVENT ONE FOR BRYAN.

landed in jail the other day for want of a \$5 bill.

Weber's first wife was Miss Clowes, a daughter of J. W. Clowes. She divorced him. He married Irene Perry, then a member of the McCullough opera company, in 1885. The marriage was celebrated in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and Weber's mother and sister were present. When she brought suit for divorce she named as co-respondent Christie Carlisle. Testimony in the suit was being taken in August, 1896. Miss Carlisle, then in the chorus of "The Lady Slavey" company, had to be arrested on Justice Beekman's order. Then she appeared before the referee.

Weber is not handsome, nor is he careful of his dress. But he was very popular with the women he courted—while his money lasted. He talked of his horses or his yacht, and was happiest when people were looking at him. He is now about forty years old, of medium stature, with blond hair and mustache.

One night he was with a couple of French dancers in a box at the Imperial Music Hall. Toward the middle of the performance he appeared downstairs and, shielding himself behind a man he knew, said: "Hide me, old fellow. They're after me and I want to get away."

"Who's after you?" asked the other man. "Why, those two girls in the box upstairs. I had only \$50 when I came in. There's \$10 left, and I want to escape with it." Just then a pretty and handsomely dressed young woman rose in the box. She looked at Weber and said: "You are the man who helped me, aren't you?" She said, "Well, come up to the box. We want some more wine."

Weber went, and so did that last \$10. Weber had a pretty row with Nina Farrington while she was occupying a handsomely furnished flat in West Twenty-third street. One afternoon Weber called on Miss Farrington. He found there another gay, young man of the world. Weber had been drinking a little. There was a quarrel, and Weber went downstairs without taking the steps into consideration. Weber said he had stumbled. The other man said he helped him stumble. Miss Farrington moved out with the furniture, and Weber had to bring suit to get it back.

When the revival of "The Black Crook" took place, at the Academy of Music, Weber devoted himself to Eglantine, one of the quadrille dancers. He tried hard, but could not attract her attention. One evening while in her company he said: "Well, it seems you can never see me, but I can see you all right." When the young woman looked up she saw that Weber had a \$20 gold piece in his eye like a monocle. Thereafter Eglantine's vision was better. Such was Weber's course. There's a moral in it, although there were no morals in it. Twice last month he was arrested, twice passed the night in a cell because he could not pay his fine. And from the all to the insane pavilion of Bellevue Hospital!

SILVER DRIVES A MILLIONAIRE MAD.

Sensation in Denver Over the Mysterious Disappearance of Col. G. Goosegg.

Suddenly Converted from Sound Money by a Windfall of Silver Bullion.

He Attacks the Gold Standard as the Foe of Honest Finance.

RUSH OF BRAINS TO HIS HEAD.

Believed to Have Fled to the Great American Desert in Search of Pulitzer's Silver Trust—Indignation at a World Editorial.

Not Special by Telegram to the Journal.

Denver, Col., Oct. 1.—Great excitement has been caused here by the disappearance of Colonel G. Goosegg. There are no fears of foul play, however. It is generally believed that he has wandered off into the desert and perished, while temporarily insane. For two days searching parties have been out in all directions, but no trace of the unfortunate man has yet been found.

Colonel Goosegg has long ranked as one of the heaviest capitalists of Denver. His holdings of real estate here are very large. A schedule of his other property, recently published in the Republican, a free silver organ, which attacked him bitterly, was as follows:

Cripple Creek gold mines.....	\$3,000,000
Bon Constrictor copper mine, Arizona.....	10,000,000
Branches in Terra del Pogo.....	2,000,000
Government bonds, J. Pierpont Morgan, trustee.....	1,000,000
Total.....	\$16,000,000
Fixed annual income from above.....	\$300,000
Gold mines.....	\$300,000
Copper mines.....	1,000,000
Branches.....	900

Government bonds.....	\$0,000
Total.....	\$1,500,000

Up to a few months ago Colonel Goosegg was in politics a Democrat, being a Missourian by birth. When, however, the Chicago convention declared for free coinage of silver and nominated Bryan, the millionaire, indifferent to the free silver sentiment of this locality, abandoned his party, pronounced for sound money, and at once proceeded to take active measures in support of his views. Largely to his exertions was due the formation of the Honest Money League of Colorado early in August. What the league has lacked in numbers it has made up in earnestness. Colonel Goosegg was elected president by unanimous vote, and gave freely of his means for the dissemination of sound money literature, rent of rooms for educational meetings, bribery and other campaign purposes. On August 27 a mass-meeting of the gold standard men was held here, and Colonel Goosegg delivered an address on the occasion which called forth stirring and exasperating attacks from the silver organs.

In his speech the Colonel took the ground that the national credit and honor required the defeat of the Popocrats and the maintenance of the gold standard. "Every man of fixed income in the United States," said Colonel Goosegg, "would be cheated by free coinage, since free coinage means simply that every dollar now in existence in this country would be cut in two. The proposition to impose on us a 53-cent dollar is the acme of dishonesty, and can be approved solely by rascals or lunatics."

This sentiment was greeted by a portion of the audience, and a riot was only averted by the personal appeals of Colonel Goosegg, who urged that in a country like this citizens should be able to differ in their political opinions and still preserve good temper and show mutual respect and courtesy.

On the following morning the Denver Republican contained a scathing editorial, of which the following was a part:

"When Goldbug Goosegg gets up on his gouty hind legs and whoops at his fellow citizens, he is a disgrace to the name of citizen."

CEDAR KEYS SWEEP AWAY

Report, Brought by Courier, Says Many Lives Were Lost.

The Point Where Tuesday's Great Hurricane First Struck Land.

Ill-Fated Sea Island Again Wrecked and 100 May Be Killed.

More Fatalities, However, to Falling Debris Thrown into the Water, as in 1893.

LIST OF VICTIMS STILL GROWING.

One Body Taken from the Ruins of Washington's Building—Police Think More Bodies are Buried There.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 1.—The greatest anxiety is felt here over the fate of Cedar Keys, a town of 1,500 inhabitants, situated about 100 miles from here, and on the Gulf. It was there that the great hurricane first struck, and more than two days have elapsed without any direct news from the town.

A report, however, has reached here by way of Gainesville, forty miles northeast of Cedar Keys, that the Gulf town has been swept away, and many persons killed and injured. This report reached Gainesville by courier from Williston, twenty miles north of Cedar Keys. The report is not considered trustworthy. Cedar Keys was directly in the path of the hurricane, and received its full force, leaping from the Gulf.

The Path of Destruction.

After demolishing Cedar Keys, the storm, to the report, storm, moving in a northeasterly direction, struck a small village of 400 inhabitants, in the Gulf. At that place eleven houses were destroyed, one person killed and fifteen injured. It is feared, fatally. Near Williston, a large turpentine farm, on which many State convicts are employed, twenty of these convicts were huddled in a cell across which the storm blew a great gust, crushing six of the inmates.

Leaving Levy County, the hurricane dashed across Alachua, one of the most populous counties in the State, and a number of persons were killed and many severely injured.

At Lacrosse fifteen buildings were destroyed. Rev. W. A. Barr, Mrs. E. J. Intosh and her baby at, and at Newberry, in West Alabama, were wrecked, and C. J. East, of Olinstead and David Jones, of

Mother Killed, But

At High Springs, Melissa Hardin, Morris and Sallie Nobles, colored women, are reported to have been killed. At this place a number of people took refuge in a box car, which was in the path of the cyclone. It was blown along the track and then off it to a distance of fifty feet, and every person in it was badly injured. Steve Mason and George Johnson have since died. At Grady, a small place, twelve houses were blown down, a woman was killed, but a babe at her breast was unhurt, although it had been carried some distance by the force of the wind.

At Lake Butler, Bradford County, C. H. Harkey, Mrs. J. M. Fitch and her twin boys were fatally hurt. Many buildings were blown down. At this place the wind blew to pieces two cars loaded with bread, and a negro, Henry Sullivan, who was three hundred yards away, was killed by being struck by one of the flying bricks.

In Baker County four towns were almost totally destroyed. They are McHenry, Sanderson, Glen St. Mary and Olmstead. No one was killed outright in these towns, but many were injured. At Live Oak the destruction is complete, but no loss of life is reported.

SEA ISLANDS' GREAT LOSS.

The List of the Killed There, It Is Believed, May Reach Fully One Hundred.

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 1.—The few and very brief reports which have reached here from the coast indicate that the islands of